New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1920.

Owned and published daily by New York Tribune Inc., a New York Corporation. Ogden Reid, President; C. Vernor Rogers, Vice-President; Helen Rogers Reid, Secretary; F. A. Suter, Treasurer. Address, Tribune Building 154 Nassau Street, New York. Telephone, Beekman 3000.

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Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Mail Matter

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German Workers Learning

The *Metallarbeiter-Zeitung*, the official organ of the German Metal Workers' Federation, one of the largest and most influential of the German trade unions, finds that the slops of Marxism furnish but thin diet for the German workingman, and cries out against further acceptance of the delusions of industrial democracy.

"Socialization," it says, "will do no good unless it brings with it a great increase in the production of goods." And socialization, so far as tried, is notoriously followed by decreased production. The hasty socializer of industry, especially the socializer who would use force to establish his system, *is the greatest enemy of the proletariat.*

This is saying something. Lovers of the human species object not so much to what Bolshevism does to the bourgeoisie as to what it does to the masses. The Red Terror has murdered perhaps 50,000 of the best of Russia who would not submit to Bolshevism, but the less idealistic and more selfish intellectuals have given life allegiance to Lenine, and now, as managers of nationalized factories, as officers of Lenine's armies, as members of Russia's enlarged bureaucracy, get the big rations and cynically pick the bones of a spurious communism. It is the myriad death roll of the workers of Russia which is the great horror.

The charred bones of duchesses and helpless princelings in abandoned mine shafts and the bodies of patriots like Kolchak tossed on "Red" bayonets touch imaginations, but the bodies of starved millions—here is the evidence of Bolshevism's greatest crime. Not what the projectors of the system intended but the inevitable consequences of the system are its condemnation.

And as socialization that checks production is inimical to the common men, so also are wage increases which check production. Commodities rise more easily in price than wages. The workman is a victim when the vicious spiral mounts upward. So Germany has found it, and so the organ of the German metal workers exclaims that "the mere raising of wages and salaries is purely illusory." The only way generally to advance real wages is to increase production per worker. When any particular group of wage workers makes a successful grab when production is low and prices therefore high, it profiteers at the expense of other workers. General wages can never be kept abreast of rising commodity prices. With fewer things made, the standard of living comes down. Sound trades unionism demands a policy to put prices down rather than to push them further up.

Wage equalizations are, of course, necessary when there is a disturbance of a price level. But it is difficult to see how the principle of equalization can be appealed to to justify a new increase of railroad workers, whose nominal wages are up 106 per cent, whereas living costs are up but 80 per cent. To increase their wages first would be further to disequalize, and thus start spiral twisting upward once more.

Better Pay for Teachers

The economic disorders which have followed the war are about to disrupt the city's teaching force. Nearly 1,000 public school teachers have resigned since September. Their places cannot be filled at the low salary rates which now prevail. Living costs have risen to such an extent that teachers actually are getting from 30 to 50 per cent less in real money than they got before the war.

In the private schools tuition fees have been raised. But in the public schools there is no source of added income except the city treasury. And, unfortunately, those of its employees who do the real work of the city—like the firemen, the teachers and the policemen—always find it hardest to overcome the reluctance of the political authorities to reward efficient service.

The teacher class is one of the most self-sacrificing units in the community. It luckily is inspired by a high professional ideal and a long, cultivated sense of duty. Otherwise there would be few teachers left today. Teachers also perform one of the highest tasks of civilized society, yet just because they give much the selfishness of the public usually expects them to give more.

The war has had a calamitous effect in destroying the old balances between earnings and cost of living. A limited class has benefited enormously, both absolutely and relatively, from this economic dislocation. Most others have been drawn into a fierce struggle to restore the old equality by pushing wages up to the new level of prices. In some industrial occupations this level has been attained completely. But there are many other occupations in which, instead of a 100 per cent equalization, only a 50 or 25 or 10 per cent equalization has been reached. In still others there has been practically no progress at all toward equalization.

The groups which have been the most conspicuous victims of the economic upheaval and of society's inability to alleviate its consequences deserve great public sympathy. Their lot ought to be improved. The only rational economic goal for all of us is a nearly complete equalization of the gains and losses of war readjustment.

It is one thing for the public to resent further demands for increased wages from groups whose wages already have increased 60, 80 or 100 per cent. They are near the end of the process. They can let up for the moment. But it is another thing to support wage increases for groups like the teachers who have been caught in a back eddy, who have had practically no advances in wages and who have to bear the burden of a general inflation from which they have had no benefit.

New York's teachers ought to be better paid. They are entitled to larger salaries. And they are also doing a social work which it would be dangerous to abridge any further by continuing to deny them a plain measure of economic justice.

Secretary Payne

The selection of John Barton Payne to succeed Franklin K. Lane as head of the Department of the Interior insures to the country a carrying forward of the great work with which the name of Mr. Lane is associated.

It also secures to the Administration the services of not only a first-class lawyer, such as a good Secretary of the Interior must be, but of a man seasoned by Washington experience. As counsel of the Shipping Board, as legal adviser of the railroad administration, and then as head of the Shipping Board, Judge Payne has learned about all there is to learn of the troubles incident to carrying on a twenty-billion government.

Judge Payne, before he was wooed to Washington, was long one of the most admired citizens of Chicago. A leader of the bar, a revered judge, an accomplished orator, a politician of public spirit, a Virginia gentleman and a bibliophile, he was a recognized ornament of the whole city of a type such as New York has apparently lost the trick of developing. The geniality of an Administration which has not always cultivated this minor virtue will be enriched by the new member of the Cabinet, and if any controversy should center about the Interior Department the new Secretary should be able to establish an alibi to any charge of tactlessness.

The Telephone Problem

We think the telephone company misconceives the nature of the criticisms that are being leveled at its service. There is every disposition, we believe, on the public's part to make allowances for the handicaps under which the company has been operating since last August, when the government returned the system to private operation. No one expects, at once, a return to the marvelous efficiency of the years before the war which made our telephone the wonder of visitors from abroad and from many American cities. Time obviously will be required to regain this perfection. A year seems a short enough period to allow for this task.

But it does not seem too much to expect progress on the way; and it is exactly this progress which, in general observation, is lacking. To the contrary, there will be found many who feel that the service has retrograded since last autumn. We are leaving aside the question of the present emergency which has witnessed a collapse of the telephone unparalleled in our city's experience and fraught with grave danger. The point is that before the "flu" appeared service was at its lowest efficiency. Rightly or wrongly, the public has attributed this condition more to inefficient personnel than inadequate facilities. If this diagnosis is correct, why should such a failure of personnel persist, seemingly even grow worse, a year and more after the armistice and five months after Mr. Burleson's destructive hand was removed?

These widespread beliefs cannot be met by advertisements such as those put forward by the telephone company. The public is in no mood for warnings and threats from a public utility that seems unable to take the first steps toward a return of pre-war efficiency. There is no demand for a return of the unlamented public operation. But private operation must again demonstrate its superiority. It cannot afford to rest its case on past records.

Slandering the Navy

The latest entry by Speaker Sweet in the book of his self-revelation is his statement that "if the people of the United States realized the extent to which socialist ideas have permeated the navy they would not sleep nights until every vestige of a socialist idea was eliminated from the first line of defense."

A loose-talking preacher found it desirable to leave a town in Pennsylvania he was evangelizing because of the unpopularity of his statement that many of the men who served in the American army abroad were "scum and riffraff." Speaker Sweet was not rebuked in a similar way, but if he is quoted correctly his words were even more insulting to the men of the navy.

What the Speaker means by "socialistic ideas" he does not say—probably he has no clear notion of what he means. If he means that "they are opposed [as he says other Socialists are] to our flag, they are opposed to purity, to motherhood, to womankind, to the Church and the home"—if these are the things the Speaker means, then it is safe to wager a share of Crucible Steel that he will not dare go aboard a warship and repeat his statements.

Mr. Sweet adds to insufferable arrogance unspeakable ignorance. He denies he is playing politics. Perhaps he is not. Politics usually has gleams of intelligence. The impression he makes is that of a little man inebriated with the sense of his own importance—a creature who would be boss if he knew how.

Stars and Spirits

An affectionate interest in the stars is a special taste, we concede, and calling them by their official titles presupposes a zest for remote facts quite out of the ordinary. A columnist who knew his modern literature by the shelfload might never have heard of the Northern Cross; and many a poet and poetess has doubtless slipped Vega or Aldebaran into a line who had not the faintest notion when to look for either.

But the planets are nearer; and they are far more familiar to modern tongues largely by reason of their being named after gods and goddesses still very much alive. Mars, Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn—what other minor gods have we (excepting Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford) in this year of grace two thousand years, more or less, since Greece was Greece and Rome Rome? So the project of talking with these spots has a thrill hard to equal since flying became a bore. Personally we own to being a dozen times more thrilled over the bare possibility of a wireless message from Mars than over all the recorded chatter that Sir Oliver Lodge and Ouija have ever pulled out of the "spirits."

It is the known quality of the interstellar stuff that appeals, we suppose. Imagination helps one not at all in that silly world of the spirits which they describe so vaguely in the few moments they can be persuaded to tear themselves away from the more engrossing subjects of Aunt Eliza's hemstitched handkerchief and little Tommy's penknife that he left in the woodshed. The distances of the planets are beyond accurate imagination—nor does it help much to start a train for Mars and tell how many years it will take to get there, as our popular scientists are fond of doing. But one can at least see Mars, and anybody who has ever craned his neck at the heavens has fetched back a rudimentary, almost a physical, sense of vastness that comes close to putting the planets on our mental map.

And once imagined the thing runs away with the mind. Exchanging languages would be simplicity itself for our experts who solved the Rosetta stone. And thereafter whole literatures would arrive rapidly enough to be serialized by the Sunday papers. Not since the great eras of discovery, when the Phœnicians put out to sea from the eastern end of the Mediterranean, or when Columbus and the Cabots sailed westward across the Atlantic have similar moments been offered to the jaded human race. With such chances fermenting in our own familiar cosmos, who has time to fuss with the chatter of the "spirit" Bandarlog, whoever and whatever they may be?

Revising the Treaty

Lord Curzon's loose remarks about a possible revision of the peace treaty are met by Captain André Tardieu's firm statement that the treaty will have to be applied before it can be revised.

Some provision is made within the treaty for modifications. The league of nations is named as an agent to do certain things and is vested with certain discretionary power. Various articles of Section XII, relating to ports, waterways and railroads, are subject to revision by the council. The free city of Danzig is put under the control of the league. The Saar Basin is also to be administered by the league for a period of fifteen years. But the reparations commission, which is to have charge of the collection of the indemnity from Germany, is an independent international body. Its vast powers are to be exercised, practically, by the representatives on it of France, Great Britain, Italy and the United States (in case, of course, that the United States ratifies the treaty). If the treaty is to be modified without resubmission to all the signatories it will have to be done, consequently, by the united action of France, Great Britain, Italy and the United States — and possibly Belgium—on the reparations commission, or by the united action of the nine powers represented in the league council.

France has more at stake than any other power in putting the treaty into effect without modification of the reparations chapter. She consented to surrender certain territorial guarantees against a possible renewal of German aggression in return for the signing of the Franco-British-American treaty of alliance. That treaty has been ratified by Great Britain. But until the United States ratifies it it will not become effective, even between France and Great Britain. For France to agree to alter the terms of the peace before the tripartite alliance is established is not to be expected.

It seems clear, then, that present talk of revision is merely long-range speculation. The treaty will have to be tried out before the political necessity of revision can be convincingly shown.

Our Wasted Food

A Plan for the Elimination of Needless Costs

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: If a manufacturer of automobiles knew that a considerable part of his product would rust to pieces in his factory yard, that a portion would be so damaged in transit as to be valueless on arrival at destination and that a further portion would be so handled by the city dealer as to be ruined for use he would lose patience with those who urged him to produce more.

Being a business man, he would take steps to remedy such a situation.

The distribution of food is, to-day, in an exactly parallel position.

We are producing ample food, more than ample food, for the entire country, but, because of our wasteful methods of distribution, the consumer is paying a high price and the farmer receiving a low one.

In addition to the railroads, which move our food, it passes on an average through at least three hands before reaching the consumer, each of these necessary under present conditions and each requiring and entitled to a profit.

The problem of improving on the present system is too large for solution by any one man, but a Republican President, whose first interest was the service of the people of the United States instead of the "service of humanity," would appoint as Secretary of Agriculture a practical man, not a school teacher, and as Secretary of Commerce a business man, instead of a conversationalist.

These two, not confining themselves to professors of political economy and pacifist lawyers, would appoint a committee, composed of farmers, transportation men, commission dealers, wholesalers, and retailers, which would work out a plan under which at least one profit could be eliminated and the present waste greatly reduced.

Such a plan necessarily would be based largely on the furnishing of accurate daily reports of supplies in markets and in transit, as well as of demand from each center—not to mention a survey of the country's yearly needs, published before instead of after the farmer has done his planting.

The government is the only agency which can furnish this information, and, while fewer employees of the Department of Agriculture would sit comfortably at their desks in Washington writing learned essays on the "Bugs of the Panama Canal Zone," more of them would be in the field collecting information of value, for which we now pay, but do not get.

A safe prophecy is that the government, having worked out a plan and arranged to furnish the vital information, would leave its execution to the business of the country and a further safe prophecy is that, given one more term of an Administration like the present, there will be no business left.

FRANK R. CHAMBERS JR.

Featherstone, Va., Feb. 7, 1920.

Internationalist or Egoist?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have read in your issue of February 10 "The President Analyzed." Instead, however, of Mr. Wilson's being an internationalist, is he not an egoist? Has his thought at any time been other than for himself and his personal ambition? Was not his ambition the same as that of the German Kaiser, that is, the domination of the earth? Did he not go to Paris in an attempt to become the president of the world, using underhand ways and propaganda, as the German Emperor used military ways and propaganda, to become lord of the earth?

Wilhelm failed to reach Paris, thanks to an awakened and battling world. Wilson got there, but, thanks to the Republican Senators, failed to attain his ambition.

M. E. BUHLER.

New York, Feb. 11, 1920.

True Loyalty

(From The Hartford Courant)

Those Democrats of North Dakota who are thankful for and devoted to the "leadership of Wilson and Bryan" seem to think they know how to ride two horses at the same time. When they follow up this pacific declaration by a promise to support the San Francisco nominee, they surely do all that loyal Democrats can be expected to do and that is some.

The Conning Tower.

Invalided

He often stood beside his gate,
An honest faced old man.
When days were fair,
Early and late,
As I chanced by I'd mark him there—
Not bent, but tremulous,
Clasping the pickets; and his eyes would scan
The railway line. Ever intently thus
He stood. Sometimes a coaxing Irish smile
Was turned my way. "Come, rest awhile!"
He'd call, and beckon with his cane;
And we would talk as afternoons would wane.
He told how in the middle night he woke
And knew his strength had vanished at a stroke,
And how he gave one broken, bitter cry,
Praying that ere the morning he might die.
But he had learned to bear it; liked the sun;
And had not lost his old-time love of fun.
He had been track-boss, so he said,
Before his legs were dead,
With six or eight spry lads to do
The tasks he bid them to;
Had lived a hearty life, keeping his section trim;
In all the years, no man complained of him.
But, now he was laid by, others would be
Doing his work—no doubt as well as he;
All he could do now was, when days were fine,
To stand there, gazing up and down the line—
Of what he saw, no longer part . . .
Plutarch, I think, advised: "Eat not thy heart."

G. S. B.

Justice Weeks imposed sentence on Gitlow—for whom we h. no b., and for all we know he deserved fifty years—saying that he had felt a certain desire to modify the sentence, but that Gitlow's defiant attitude made it impossible to do anything but impose the maximum penalty. Now, if Gitlow had backslid and said he was sorry, the chances are that he would have been just as badly off, and that a judge might have said that the maximum penalty was being imposed for his recession and the insincerity of his position.

Add Theory of the Leisure Class: "The other day," writes Manuelo, "I was standing in a 'high grade provision' shop when the telephone rang—Mrs. So-and-so speaking. Would they mind sending their delivery boy out to find a taxi for her. And, mind it or not, they sent him."

The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys

February 10—All the morning at the office, at work with diligence, and home as early as might be to my wife, and read to her some old stories of R. Lardner's, which made her laugh and forget her pain. With my hands I made shadows upon the wall, as I learned out of a book when I was a lad, and mightily amused to watch our cat jump at them.

11—The streets full of dappled grey snow, and slush, and too few men to clear it away. Nor has the garbage been taken away for six days, and lies in many streets, and I hope we shall not have a plague. A. Chapman to see me, and tells me he is writing leaders for the Telegram. Read "Old Man Murtrie," of Don Marquis's, the best piece, meseems, any one ever wrote; and my wife liked it, too. R. Kirby to luncheon, and home early, and worked at my scrivening all the evening.

12—A quiet day in the office, owing to the holiday, which is one of few I feel reverence for. Hard at my writing, and fashioned some verses, but misliked them, and threw them away.

We beg to cite, for conspicuous bravery, Old Fred Hawthorne, pioneer in referring to her as Mrs. Franklin I. Mallory.

Song of the Department of Street Cleaning: "A wet street and a flowing ditch, and a wind that follows fast!"

And Eureka ends her parody of an old song with—

For horses and trucks are now riding on
The sidewalks of New York.

The Baleful Dime Novel

Sir: You may be right in your appraisal of the influence of the dime novel, but I'm for the opposition.

My introduction to the Deadwood Dick, Jesse James, Tip Top Weekly branch of literature came through a chance friendship with our butcher's boy.

That boy now owns his own meat market, and when I see the prices he asks and gets for his meats, there is no doubt in my mind as to when he was inoculated with the germ of the hold-up man and the bank robber.

RAY R.

Grand stand seats at the Polo Grounds are to be $1 this season, which is another good argument for an increased subway and elevated fare. Think of taking you to a dollar game for 5c!

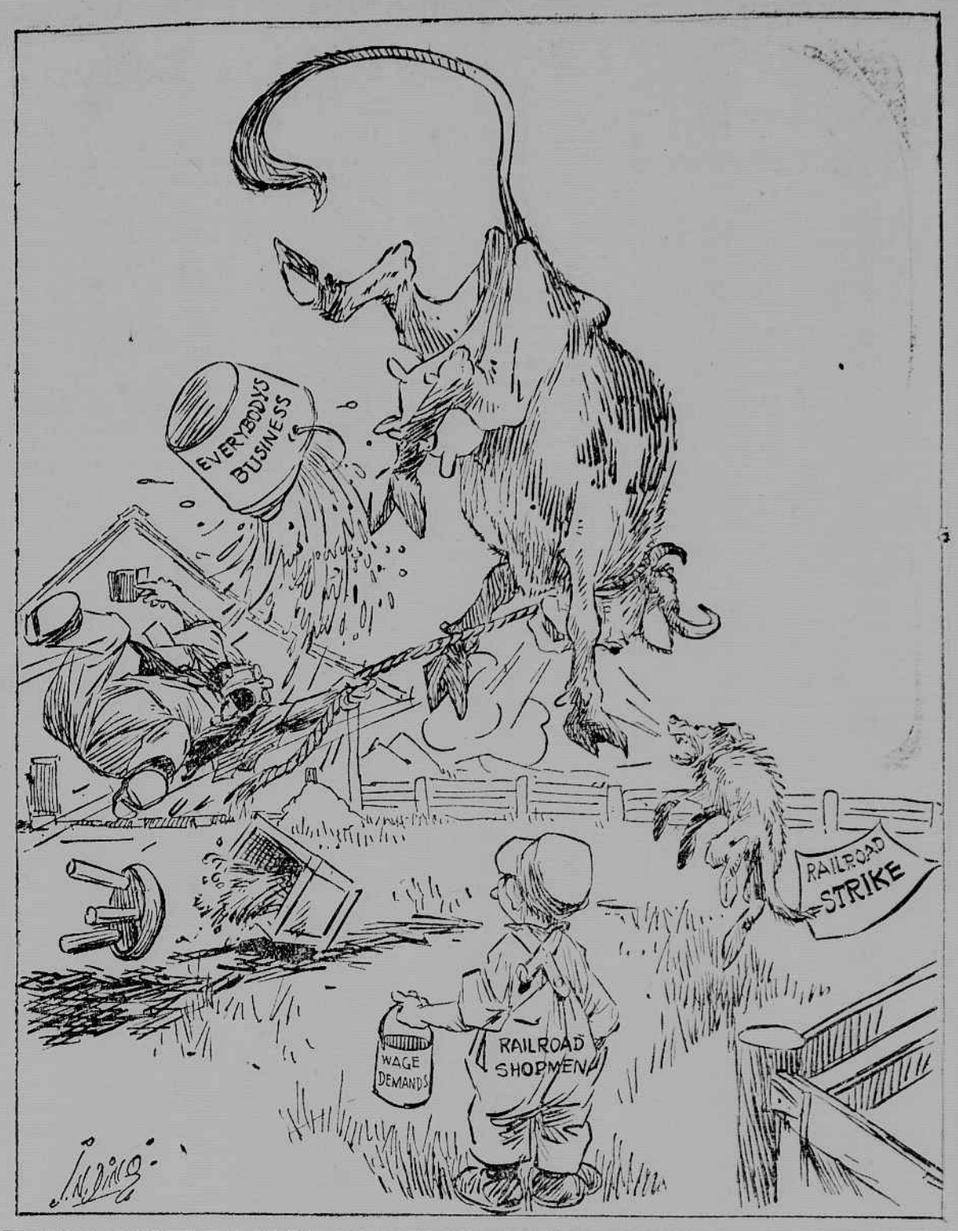
Debate on the Treaty was quiet yesterday, which gives L. H. S. a chance to observe that Mrs. Mamie E. Bull advertises in the Savannah Press for a lost cow.

It isn't the wholesalers or the retailers who are responsible for the high price of men's clothing, according to Ludwig Stein, president of the National Wholesale Clothiers' Association; and it isn't the Telephone Company's fault that the service is bad, according to Vice-President J. S. McCulloh; and it isn't the Post Office Department's fault that the mail service is imperfect, according to Postmaster Patten.

You know whose fault it is, you guilty rogue!

F. P. A.

TAKING HIS DOG ALONG WHEN HE GOES FOR THE MILK ISN'T GOING TO HELP MATTERS ANY



Books

By Heywood Broun

We generally finish all the novels which begin, "She was a strangely, fiercely beautiful creature, made to love and be loved." Particularly if her eyes are "dark with their slumberous fires." Penelope Wells, in Cleveland Moffett's "Possessed" (McCann) fulfills these requirements and, moreover, it is recorded that she wore green earrings "which reached down caressingly over white neck." She had never injured her figure by the use of corsets.

Early in the story it develops that Mrs. Wells is somewhat afflicted with what Tarkington's Bobby called "mere sensuosity," but it is only fair to add that the author does not neglect to add "Gosh, how she dreads it!" The fact of the matter is that Penelope is possessed by an evil spirit named Fauvette, and every evening at 12:30 o'clock this demon gains the upper hand. At such times a curious change came over Penelope Wells. She would begin to drink and smoke cigarettes and cling to people. The next day she would be Penelope again and have forgotten all about it. The arrangement was by no means a satisfactory one, for revelation usually came to her in a vision of the things which she had done, or voices would taunt her with her iniquity. When she made inquiries of Captain Christopher Herrick whether it was really true that she had behaved in this outrageous fashion the captain could not deny that the visions were accurate in their representation of actual events, and that he had been able to repulse her only with the greatest difficulty.

Of course, things could not go on like that forever, and Penelope went to Dr. William Owen, a famous nerve specialist. The doctor knew that Penelope had been in France as a Red Cross nurse, and he diagnosed her condition as shell shock. Unfortunately, she made no progress under his treatment, and at last the doctor responded to the pleadings of Seraphine, a trance medium, and sent his patient to Dr. Edgar Leroy, a psychic healer.

Dr. Leroy discovers that Penelope is literally possessed of an evil spirit, and when the voices announce to the woman that the powers of evil are coming on a certain night at a certain time to kill her, he confesses that she is in great danger. He tells her that the only way she can escape is to cleanse her soul. Some monstrous sin stands between her and the divine protection which she might otherwise rely upon to save her from the forces of darkness. Confession alone will save her. And so, at the appointed time, Penelope confesses. We must admit that we were somewhat disappointed when this cardinal sin finally came to light. It would be possible to tell what it was right here in the columns of a daily newspaper, and we refrain only because it would give away one of the main cogs in the story. That would not be fair, because "Possessed," in spite of being overwritten and somewhat muddled in its attempt to combine spiritualism and psychoanalysis and faith healing and astrology, is an interesting book. Whatever its faults it is genuinely exciting. The plot is ingenious enough to hold a reader until the beginning of the last chapter, which is a sort of epilogue called "The truth about women that nobody tells." Perhaps the reason that nobody tells it is much of it isn't true, and what is true everybody knows. The book is of a somewhat florid complexion throughout, but the author's moral attitude toward everything which happens is always of the highest order.

One theory of theology in particular completely baffled us. In chapter thirteen Roberta Vallis, one of the most iniquitous characters in the book, stands in her bedroom in her nightgown and drinks a toast, "Defiance to the powers of evil." Seraphine, the trance medium, who is a person of the most impeccable religious convictions, is present at this scene and reports, "With a shudder I watched these two tragically led young women as they stood there draped in white and drank this sacrilegious toast." Now why, we wonder, should "defiance to the powers of evil" be sacrilegious. We always thought the powers of evil were fair game for anybody's attack. We didn't know they had a friend in town. However, Seraphine was right, for when she came to the apartment in the morning she found Roberta in her bed "her face convulsed with a look of indescribable terror—dead!"

The hotel doctor, poor fool, called it heart failure!

The trouble with the final chapter on "The truth about women that nobody tells" is that it is full of all sorts of general statements concerning "all men" and "all women." We take exception, and ask for an appeal on the following counts: "The beauty of a selfish woman fades quickly"; "even the bravest of our advanced women thinkers know in their hearts that they writhe under the pity or scorn of their sister women"; "the double standard has done more harm to the world than all the wars of history"; "the ghastly truth is—this is the truth which has filled the world with tears—that the average full-blooded male citizen is polygamous in his instinct and to some extent in his practice."

We might accept this if the author would leave out the tears and say "the average male citizen likes to think, and still more likes to have everybody else think, that he is polygamous in his instinct, and to some extent in his practice."

Mr. Moffett could not have written "Possessed" if there had been no such words as sensual or sensuality. He uses them freely and indiscriminately, and half the time we have only the vaguest idea of what he is talking about. It also is our opinion that he doesn't know, either.

Is Mamma Right?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I read in Mrs. Wadsworth's paper, "The Woman Patriot," that on account of Mary Garrett Hay, Mrs. Hobart and other women Republicans were leaving the party.

I asked mamma, and she says Mrs. Hobart couldn't have left the party when Mrs. Wadsworth wrote about her, because New Jersey, where Mrs. Hobart lives, didn't have suffrage then. Mamma says Miss Hay and other women like her got the vote for women, and that if you can't vote you can't be a Republican.

Is mamma right?

CECILY BROWN.

New York, Feb. 11, 1920.

The Soldier Dead

Field of Honor the Sane, Logical Solution

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: At a meeting of the Bring-Back-the-Soldier-Dead League on Friday night at the Stuyvesant High School Building, reports from the delegates sent to Washington to urge the passage of the bill authorizing the return of the soldier dead in France were heard. Also the assurance was brought from Colonel Pierce, of the Graves Registration Service, that the percentage of errors in identification would be so small and the certainty that each person would receive his own relative was so positive that no one should have any doubt on that score.

Several people in the audience attempted to tell those assembled that just such promises had been made by Colonel Pierce after the Spanish-American War, but that the most appalling mistakes were made in spite of his assurances, and that the opening of coffins in many cases at that time showed, instead of American soldiers, the remains of Filipinos and Chinese coolies. Some one also tried to tell the audience of the condition under which many of the boys whose remains they were asking to have returned were buried, and how absolutely impossible it would be for them to expect that there would be anything in the caskets that would be consigned to them.

These well-meaning persons were hooted and jeered at, and almost ejected from the auditorium because they were suspected of designs on the plans of the leaders of this movement to bring back 50,000 caskets to this country, ostensibly containing the remains of our soldier dead in France.

"We'd rather be fooled than denied the right to bring back the bodies of our boys if we want them," was the sentiment expressed to silence any truthful statements as to the impracticability of the whole plan.

The government even in its desire to keep its promise to bring back the dead, and the public in its deep sympathy for the heart's desire of bereaved parents, has considered with reluctance the idea of the return of the dead, but if, as the sentiment of this meeting showed, there are very sordid motives at the source of this movement, it might be well if Congress would consider the measure in the light of its national rather than its solely personal import before it passes the bill.

The idea of a Field of Honor in France where all our soldier dead may be assembled is the sane, logical solution of the problem, even for those lying outside the war zone, and how any parent can consider with equanimity the desecrating alternative of having the body moved about like a piece of cargo, subjected to all the indignities of handling over so many thousands of miles of uncertain transportation, is difficult to understand by a Gold Star mother whose love for her son could never be questioned.

BLANCHE K. WHEELER.

Brooklyn, Feb. 11, 1920.

Work vs. Enthusiasm

(From The Kansas City Times)

Describing the indifferent attitude of Germans toward work, a Hamburg report says it required eight days to unload the cargo of an American vessel at that port. If the job had been the looting of a French village it is believed it would not have taken the same force more than thirty minutes.